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A N

ELEGY

On His GRACE

J O H N

Lord Archbishop

O F

CANTERBURY.

A Pindaric.

K. Tillotson

L O N D O N

Printed. And are to be Sold by *John Whitlock* near
Stationers-Hall, 1694. 29. Nov:

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A N
E L E G Y

On His Grace

J O H N Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

I.

WHEN, from a Shapeless Lump of humble Clay,
The great Original of Humane Race,
Design'd the Empire of the World to Sway,
And Substituted in his Maker's place ;
Was, by th' Almighty Operator's Hand,
To just Proportion brought,
While ravish'd Angels that did round him stand,
Admir'd the curious Work Omnipotence had wrought ;
How ev'ry Limb, and ev'ry Joynt
Which his Eternal Wisdom did produce,
He did to some peculiar Work appoint,
And fitted each to serve its proper use :
If here the God had giv'n his Labor o'er,
Pleas'd his chief Influ'ence to with-hold,
And not vouchsaf'd by an enliv'ning Pow'r
To animate the well-compacted Mold ;
How vain had been his Pains and Art ?
How insignificant the Symmetry,
The just Adaption of each Part ?
Since all, alas ! wou'd useles be,
Because he did not their Perfection give,
The means their Operation to Exert,
And by his pow'rful Word make the rare Figure Live.

I I.

Nor wou'd that Life avail, if only lent
 To actuate a while the Earthly Tenement ;
 If, when its stinted days are Spent,
 And its short Lease expires,
 The Body that complain'd for want of room,
 Tho' bounded only with the World's extent,
 As soon as its Inhabitant retires,
 Must be confin'd within a narrow Tomb,
 Or crowded in a straiter Urn,
 While what was made of Dust, does there to Dust return ;
 And in this Revolution, lies
 Depriv'd of Hope, as well as Pow'r, to rise,
 Nor more its Being there shall boast,
 Its Being in Annihilation lost :
 Since the Endowments most desir'd,
 The copious Learning, and the ready Parts,
 The pregnant Wit, and cultivating Arts,
 By Nature giv'n, or Industry acquir'd ;
 Cannot oppose Mortality,
 Nor raise our Humane *Babel* high ;
 The Builders with the Structure fall,
 And strange Confusion seizes All,
 While equally the Wise and Foolish die,
 And in the gen'ral Ruin Undistinguish'd lie.

I I I.

Too Sad an Instance of this Fading State,
 Death in one daring Stroke has giv'n,
 Since He, who was of Nature's Store possess'd,
 And from Arts noblest Wardrobe richly dress'd,
 Alike rever'd on Earth, and dear to Heav'n,
 Cou'd not withstand the fierce Attack of Fate ;
 Since CANTERBURY, whose Surviving Name
 Will give an Immortality to Fame,

The Great, the Good, the Just,
 The Grave, the Learn'd, the Pious and the Wife;
 Insensible of his Spoil'd Honours lies,
 Not to be known from common Dust
 Till from their level Graves the Summon'd Dead arise :
 When they, whose Holy, Blameless Lives on Earth
 Prov'd their Original Divine,
 Before the Great Tribunal shall appear ;
 Distinguish'd from the Vulgar there
 By an Illustrious Character ;
 Shall claim the Privileges of their Birth,
 And rais'd to a conspicuous height,
 Shall in their Father's Starry Mansion Shine,
 And add new Splendor to the Realms of Light.

IV.

There, while the Atheist, whose ungrateful Breath
 Deny'd the Pow'r by whom it first was giv'n,
 And spent it self in ridiculing Heav'n,
 The Joys above, and Miseries beneath ;
 The Wretch who did his Reason misemploy,
 (Reason, by which alone he was prefer'd
 Before the Brutal Herd ;
 Reason, that rais'd him to a lofty State
 Above the other Works his Maker did Create ;
 Reason, not giv'n him vilely to abuse,
 But for a Guide to everlasting Bliss,
 And inconceivable Felicities ;)
 Converted to an Impious use,
 Its Author's Glory to destroy
 And make him meaner to his Creatures seem,
 Than the most Abjeſt of them all to him,
 As well as to exclude himself from Joy ;
 Is from the Beatifick Viſion driv'n,
 And from the Glory, which he did deſpiſe,
 Condemn'd to the Abyſs of Hell,
 Amidſt the Flames he durſt deride to dwell ;

Heav'n shall reward our Pious Prelate's Zeal
 With that Eternal State above
 Which his Immortal Labours amply prove.

V.

While he who dares the great Three-One deny,
 And Scorns their Tripple Unity
 Condemn'd by the Divine Incarnate Word,
 Shall Perish by his two-edg'd Flaming Sword ;
 This Glorious Champion for his Saviour's Cause,
 Shall be receiv'd above with just Applause,
 To triumph in the Joy and Glory of his Lord.
 Invited to the Father's Throne
 By the Coequal, Coeternal Son,
 And by the Spirit with new Ardor fir'd,
 That Holy Spirit who his Zeal inspir'd,
 With most profound Devotion,
 Such as on Earth he paid before,
 And scarce in Heav'n can offer more,
 He shall Three Persons in One God adore,
 And there, delighted still to Love and Pray,
 In *Allelujahs* spend the everlasting Day.

VI.

While Sinners, who in Impious Works deny
 The God whom they in fruitless Words confess,
 And in such known Offences Live,
 And unrepenting Dye,
 As if they did not, what they own, believe,
 Or thought the Pow'r, whose Sanctions they transgress,
 Wou'd with their Crimes against himself comply,
 Deceiv'd by their Hypocrisie;
 Perceive there is no Virtue in Pretence,
 No Sly imposing on Omniscience,
 And find the gilded Title of a Saint,
 That only does the Out-side paint,
 Too light to hide the Loathsome Sin,
 The nauseous Rottenness within ;

This Righteous Man, this Friend of God indeed,
 Who practis'd more than others boast,
 And, thro' a Sense of Duty, did exceed
 The Good, to which Vain Glory urg'd them most;
 By Heaven's discerning Judge shall be preferr'd,
 Whose Eyes do secret Piety regard,
 Who thinks they most his Care deserve,
 Who not for mercenary Reasons serve,
 And best may claim, who least design Reward.

V I I.

While the Adorers of *Rome's* monstrous Beast,
 Such as was ne'er admitted to the Ark,
 Too Sacred for so foul a Guest,
 Are branded with its Ignominious Mark;
 And by their Vain Traditions are misled,
 (Traditions, more by them prefer'd
 Than mighty Truths in Holy Writ declar'd,)
 To boast an universal Head;
 While they perceive themselves astray,
 In the destructive easy Way.
 And find neglected Heaven deride
 Their vain Pretence of an unerring Guide;
 While they amidst their Terror and their Pain,
 Call on their helpless Saints in vain,
 And no Relief from Merits, or Indulgences obtain:
 He, who against those Errors did dispute,
 And them, and their Defenders too, confute;
 Sav'd by the Virtue of that precious Blood,
 On which alone his Hope reli'd,
 The Power of which redeeming Flood
 To his Estatick Soul appli'd,
 Shall fit it with Seraphick Love,
 While with God's spotless Lamb he lives above;
 The Lamb that once below for Man's Salvation died.

V I I I. Our

VIII.

Our happy Church, while by this Pilot steer'd,
 No dangerous Rocks or Quick Sands fear'd,
 Judgment and Learning did direct this Way ;
 No Storms against him cou'd prevail,
 While he by these unerring Stars did sail,
 And Piety, his faithful Cart,
 Whose Dictates were imprinted in his Heart,
 Wou'd never let him loosely stray,
 But, mauer meeting Tydes impetuous Force,
 Still kept him steady in his happy Course.
 Nor less successful was his Care
 In managing the Steerage of the State.
 While at the Helm thereof he sat,
 Call'd by it's Prince for his Assistance there,
 Where none more useful prov'd, nor was more justly dear.

IX.

But Heaven, which faithfully he serv'd,
 And where, alone, he laboured to be great,
 Exalts him now to a sublimer seat,
 In Mansions for its Favorites reserved;
 Where, plac'd in the Celestial Hierarchy,
 He does his happy Time employ
 In Hymns of loudest Gratitude and Joy,
 And raises there his elevated Voice,
 Which often grac'd the Pulpit here,
 And with angelick Harmony
 Delighting each attentive Ear,
 Made Crowds, of Men below, and Saints above rejoyce.
 But silent as the Grave in which he lies,
 He who revealed Heaven's Mysteries,
 And did Truth's sacred Oracles declare,
 Withdrawn from our lamenting Eyes,
 Informs the wretched World no more,
 The World that in his Fall does its own Loss deplore.

F I N I S.



